

MARVEL<sup>®</sup>  
20th Oct 90

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**THE REAL**

**№123 45p**

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# GH<sup>o</sup>STBUSTERS™

and

**SLIMER!**

WOW!  
**ECTO-3!**



ISSN 0954-9404



42

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**W**agons roll! Issue one hundred and twenty-three of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS AND SLIMER** has got off to a *screeching* start with the introduction of The Real Ghostbusters' latest invention . . . **ECTO-3!** At last, a Ghostbuster Go-Kart of their very own, but you will be able to find out all about that in this week's **Winston's Diary!**

Egon has another invention to show everybody in **Slime For Action!** He has developed a new kind of Ghostbusters' suit that will protect them from adverse slime conditions.

Later on there is the start of a new four part story about the magical, mysterious world of sorcery in **The Witch!** That's apart from most of your other regular spooky favourites. So read on if you dare!

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Cover by **BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE** and **JOHN BURNS**  
 Editor **STUART BARTLETT** Assistant Editor **DEBORAH TATE**  
 Spirit Guide **DAN ABNETT**



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# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER  
VENKMAN



EGON  
SPENGLER



RAY  
STANTZ



WINSTON  
ZEDDMORE

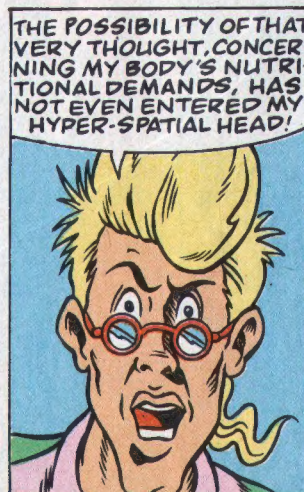
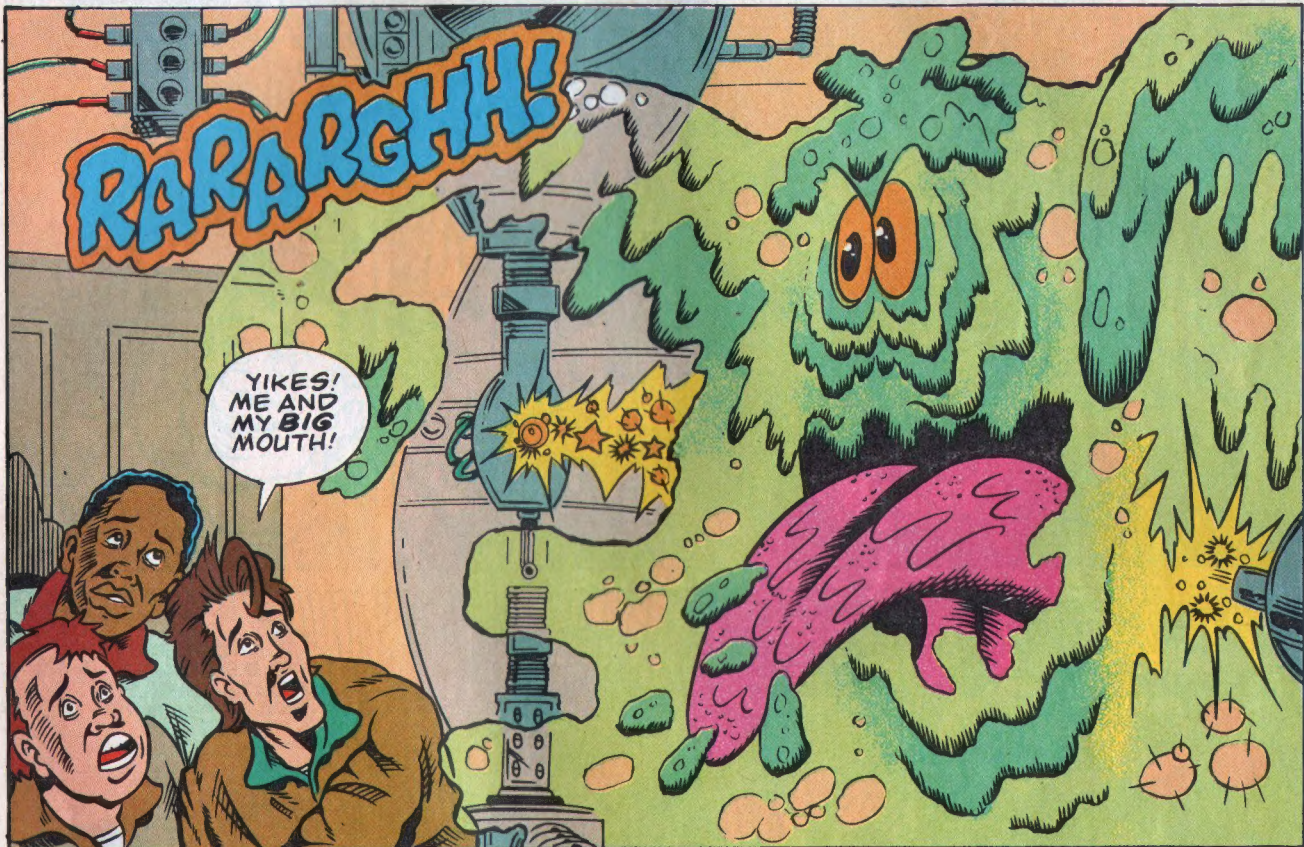
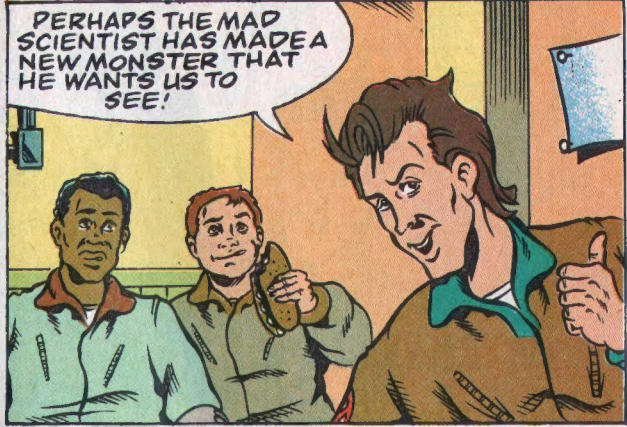
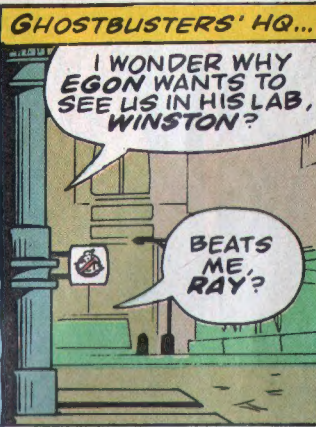
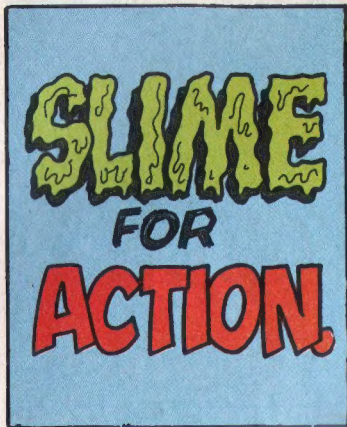


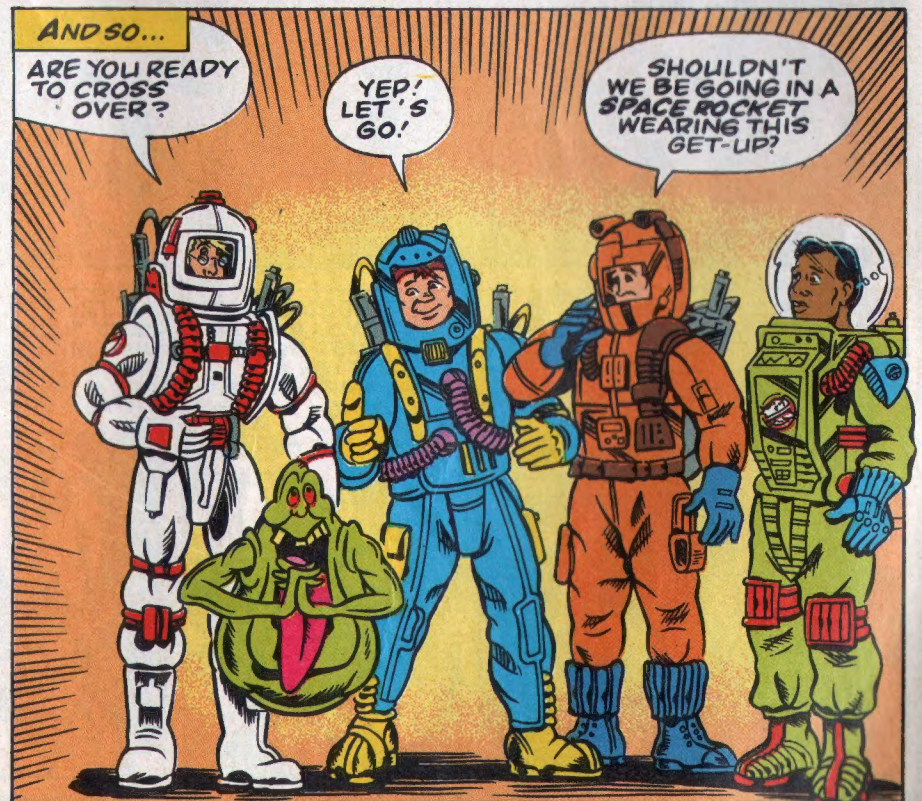
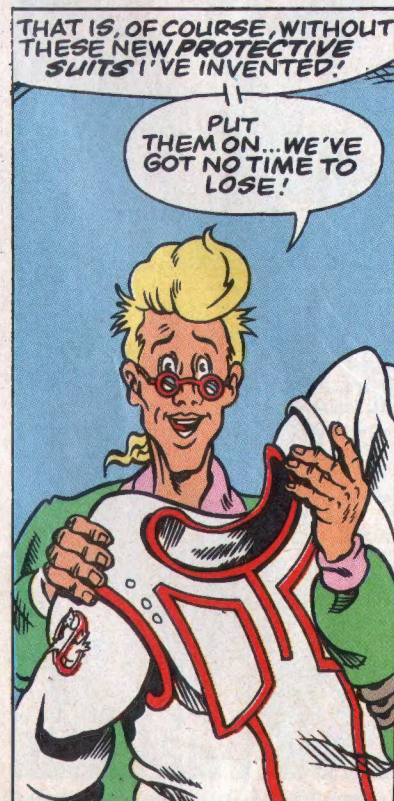
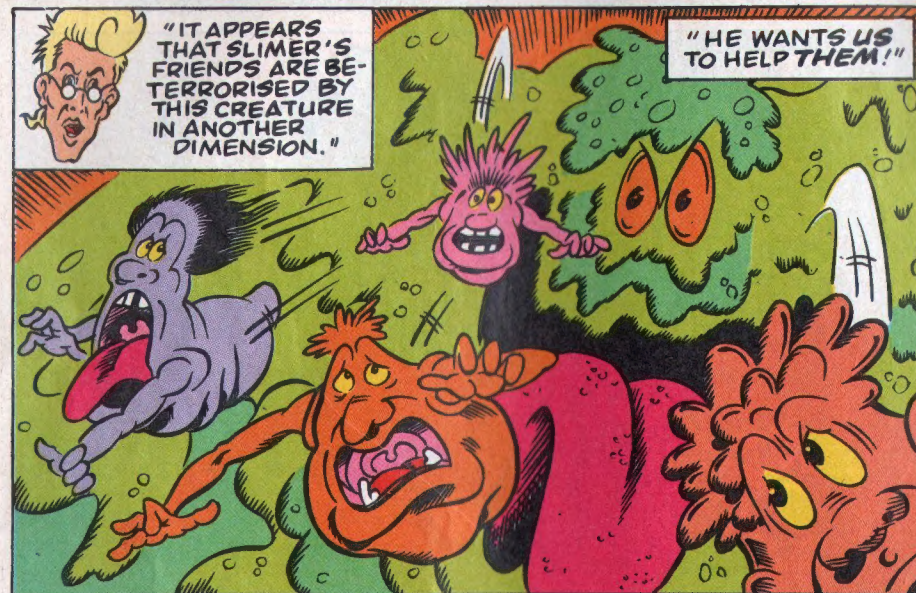
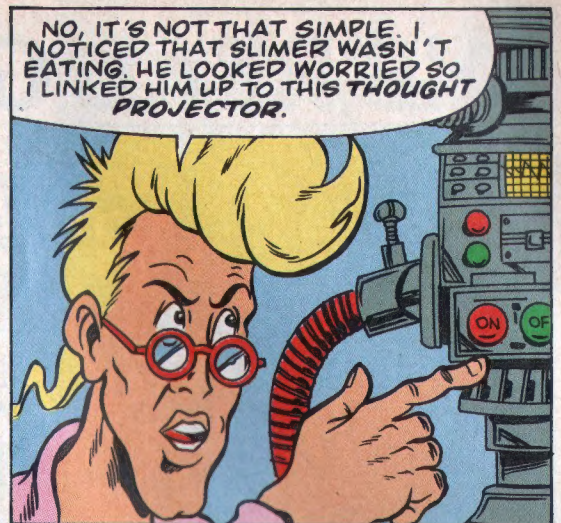
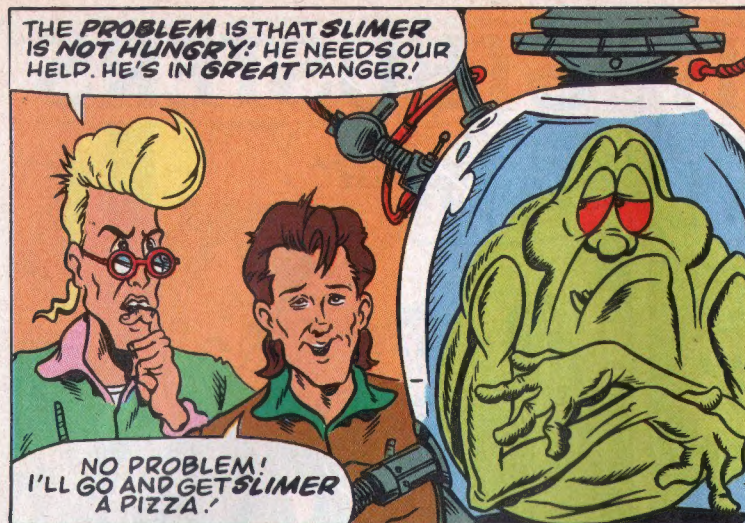
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MELNITZ

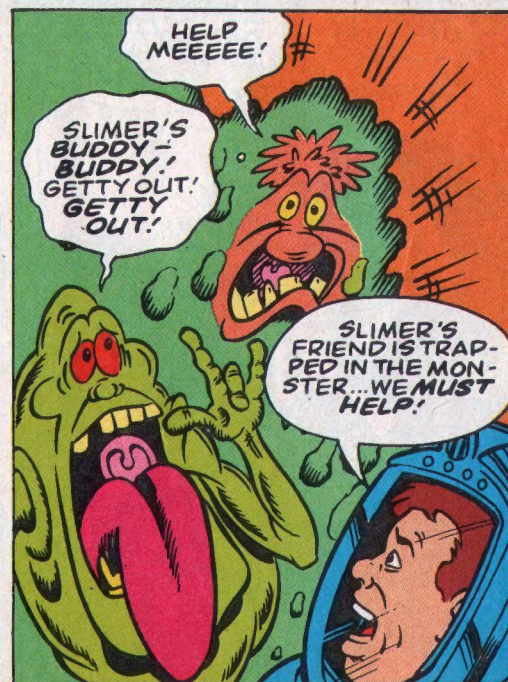
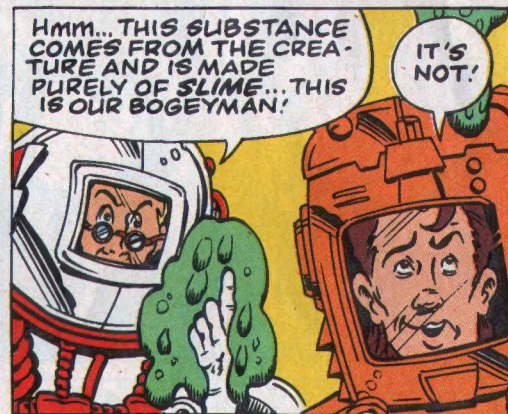
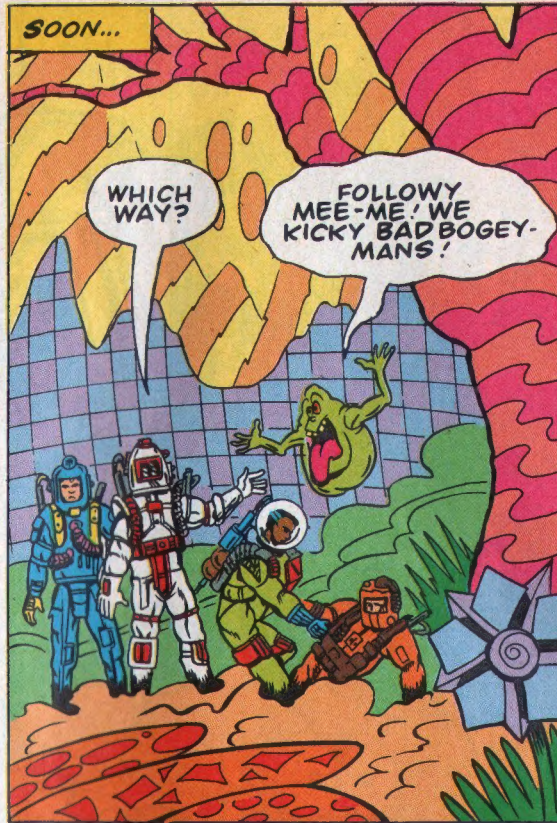
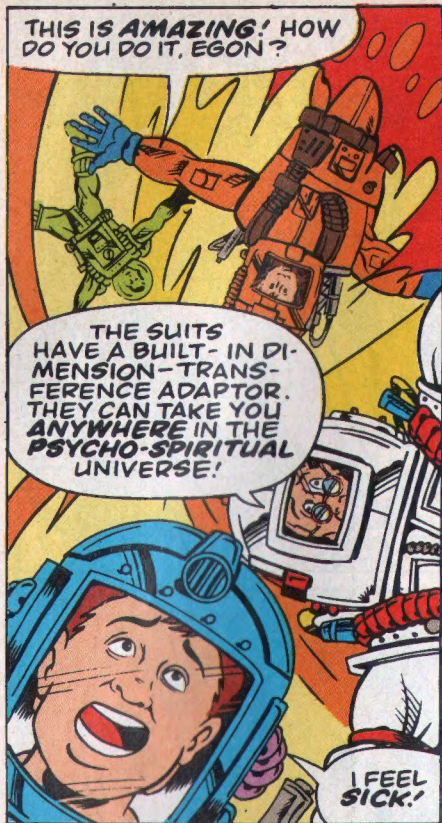


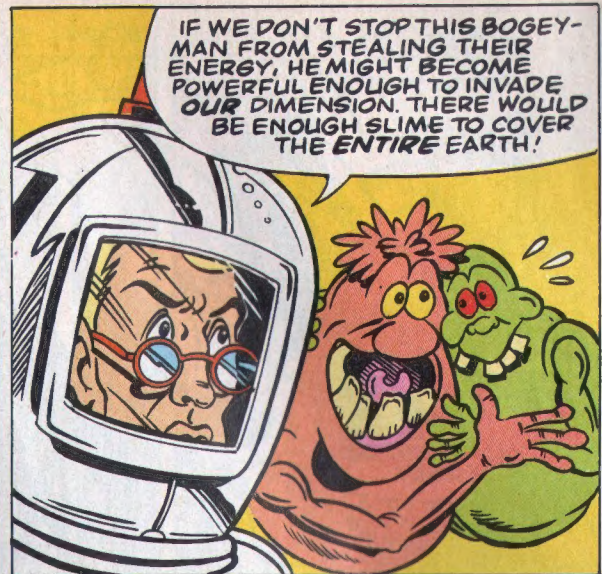
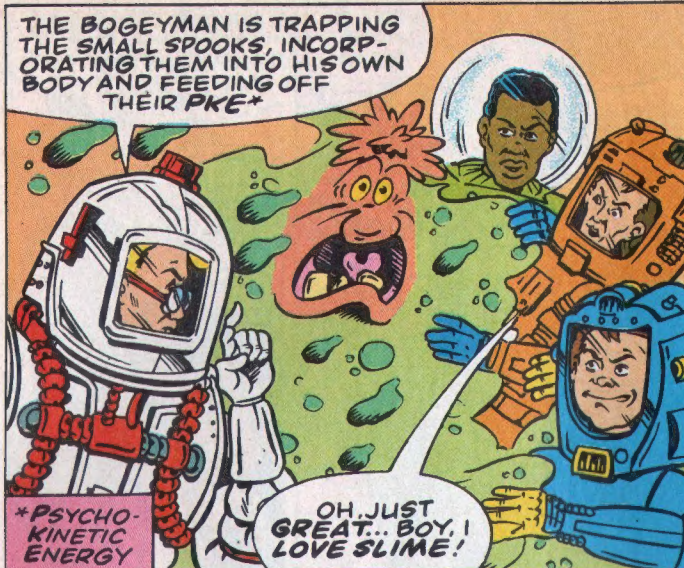
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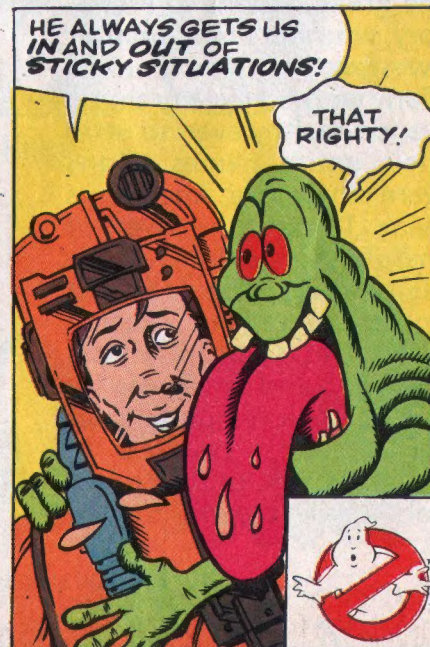
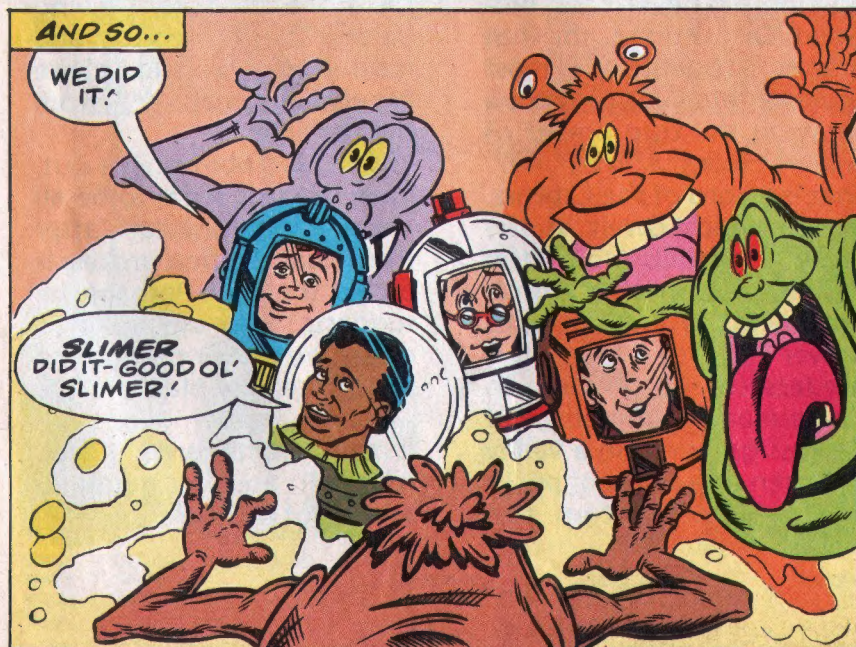
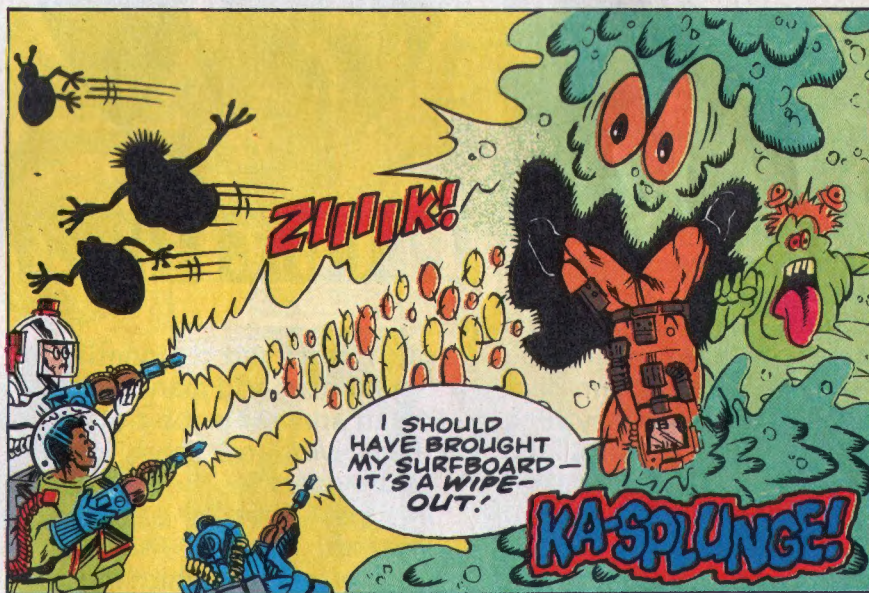
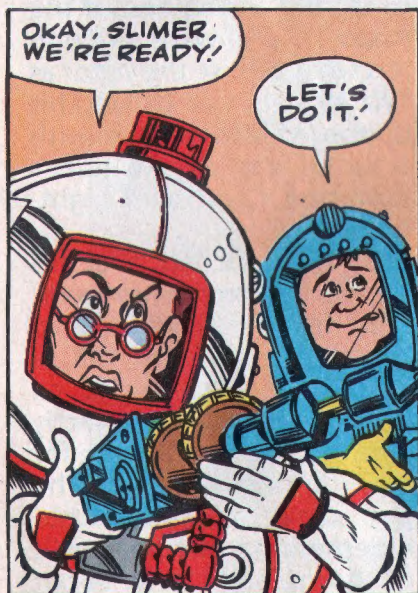
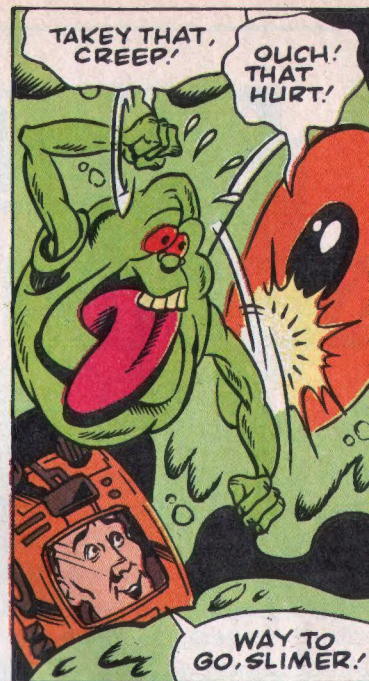
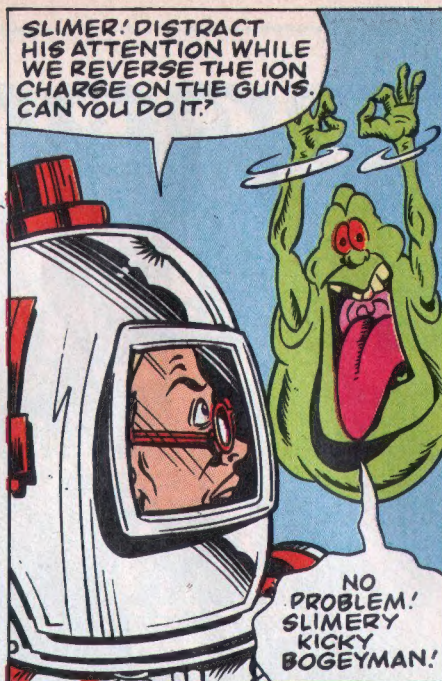
# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™











# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

## GUIDE

Liam Whetstone's new book *Wizards and Warlocks Spell Disaster* does little in my opinion to rejuvenate the flagging reputation of this potent breed. All the so-called 'genuine' warlocks he interviews in his research are pretty small time. Most admit to only taking up the star-spangled hat on account of being the only children of practising witches who were hoping for daughters to carry on the family tradition. In fact, I've met several of the guys at occultist seminars over the years and I can assure you that none of them are capable of doing anything more magical than making the flags of the world appear outside the United Nations.

Tobin writes at length on the great wizards of Prehistory, who were consummately awesome in their powers. Many were so mighty that it was unhealthy even to utter their entire names. Many were therefore known as 'wiz'. Tracing the lives of these ancient sorcerous prodigies seems to be an almost impossible task. It is often difficult to tell one wiz from another, and attempts to record their whole names for posterity resulted in burnt patches on the page. Tobin gets around this by



## PART 123

giving each wiz an identifying number and manages to do an admirable job tracing their lives and their roles as providers for the peoples in his book *Prehistoric Wizards: Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread*, which in my opinion has never been bettered. Or buttered, for that matter. Probably the most representative case history, showing the true power of wizard folk, is Wiz 497, Shamen-Lord of the Lapross, a race which dwelt in the rocky foothills of the Puntilaptras in the eighth century BC. Wiz 497 came to power by defeating his predecessor, Wiz 496, in single-mage combat. The Lapross gathered in a valley between two adjacent peaks and chewed pop-corn and

cheered as the rival wiz's hurled blockbuster spells at one another. Occasionally some of the onlookers were transformed into six-foot rabbits, or were buried under tons of falling playing cards, but at the end of the match there were enough left to recognise the victor as Wiz 497. He had blasted his opponent into oblivion with a hastily cast Hankwinder's Blistering Cantrip of Lightning Mk III.

Wiz 497 watched over his people for sixty-seven years, until he himself was frazzled by the young upstart 498. In that time he performed all the wizardly duties perfectly – he set swords in anvils for aspiring kings to pull out, he put nine princesses into hibernation, planted walls of thorns, and lurked about the monarch's throne giving baleful stares to visitors and muttering 'I would advise otherwise, majesty' from time to time.

In fact, as Tobin points out, most wizards seem to be all mouth and runestaff after the actual election process is out of the way. Perhaps, he suggests, they use up their awesome power getting the job in the first place. This is sadly a theory that will remain unanswered, I feel. After all, are you going to ask one of them..?

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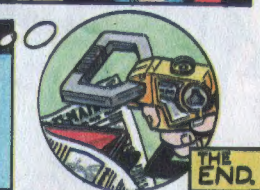
'LET'S HAVE A GO...' SAYS JANE, WHEN...



LET'S FOLLOW!



...IT'S A BLIND ALLEY



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# WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT  Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

*Saturday, October 13th 1990*

What's green, flat and disappears in a flash of protonic energy screaming 'Lawks a lordy me, my bottom's on fire?'

The answer is, of course, a Full-Torso, Free-Roaming Repeater when caught in the high-energy ghost grabs on the front of our new vehicle, ECTO-3.

It's a great little mover – over 1000 cc's of speedway bike engine powerplant rigged onto a light alloy go-kart frame and running on two sets of all-terrain solid tyres. The idea was since we often face high-speed ghosts inside buildings, that we needed something that would give us speed in a chase, but which was also able to manoeuvre inside a building, maybe taking in stairs and the like. Because of the size, it had to be a one-man machine, so Egon designed the ghost grabs on the front, a pair of hydraulic arms that could snatch a spook out of the air and bust it without the driver having to take his hands off the controls. The grabs are mean – each one mounts a proton accelerator similar to the ones that are built into our Traps, so that when activated, the grabs have the same effect on a ghost as having two open Traps slammed together on its head. Or bottom.

Peter insisted that, as I'd had all the fun test driving the new ECTO-500 a month or so back, he was going to be the one to get to do the honours on the trial deployment of ECTO-3. Trial deployment is what Egon called it, anyway. Peter called it a 'good rev up and a spin'. When Peter had finally got the kart's motor running in the garage of HQ, he managed to flood the engine, over-rev it and back it into a pile of boxes. Ray suggested Peter should finish the test drive tomorrow, somewhere far away, like Alaska, then Egon suggested that just for safety's sake, I should go along with him. I suggested that for safety's sake it would surely be better for me to stay as far away from Peter and the kart as possible. Oh well . . .



*Sunday, October 14th 1990*

The city has a million storeys, and ninety six of them make up the new Parmenter Plaza Building under construction on the South Side. When the site foreman called us in and reported 'a bad case of flying bogeys on the sixtieth floor,' Peter and I realised at once that we'd been given our 'Trial Development' for the new Ghostbuster mobile.

The four hundred strong construction gang had abandoned the building and were milling around in the street. They were looking suspiciously up at the half-built tower where, high up, several tiny green shapes could be seen flitting in and out of the girders. The crew looked even more suspiciously at Peter and I as we wheeled the custom go-kart past them and into the large service lift. On the sixtieth floor, the doors opened to reveal the bare-boards and scaffolding expanse of the upper levels of this high-rise site. Peter swung into the driving seat with a cry of 'Get the sniffer puffing, Winston, and tell me where these babies are. I'll roll on down and get them!' He started the kart in a roar of exhaust fumes, adopted a mean expression on his face, and disappeared backwards suddenly into the lift.

When the lift returned to the sixtieth floor he roared out again as the doors opened, pretending nothing had happened, 'Which way' he asked. 'Over there.' I replied showing him the direction in which the sniffer had located ecto plasmic activity. The kart worked great, zipping round corners and through doorways and along corridors at high speed. Soon we'd flushed out the spooks (a couple of Class five Free-Roamers) and Peter was trying to dispatch them pronto.

He caught the first one between the clashing grabs of the kart and turned on the juice. The trapped spook vanished in a flare of white light energy. Then Peter was off again after the one that still eluded him.



'Careful, Pete!' I warned, as he tore off. I was convinced by now that ECTO-3 was a great addition to our arsenal, a machine that had proved itself perfect for the conditions it was designed for.

My worry was Peter. He was the weak link in the chain. I don't think he was really designed all that perfectly for these conditions. Or go-karts. Or high speed. Or tall buildings. I chased after him, but both the kart, and the spook it was chasing, easily out-distanced me. There was

nothing I could do to prevent what happened next. I could only watch in horror as it happened.

Peter was pursuing the spook every which way, and finally the spook had had enough of all this dodging and diving and twisting and turning, and flew straight off the side of the building and away in order to escape. Peter chased after it.

Peter and ECTO-3 plunged out of view as he drove out of a window and off the side of Parmenter Plaza's sixtieth floor. All that remained in view was the spook, receding into the distance, laughing its head off.

I raced to the edge and summoned up the courage to look down, dreading what I'd see on the roadway sixty floors below me.

Ten floors below me sat Peter in ECTO-3, clinging on to the side of the sheer building with the ecto-grabs. ECTO-3 creaked slightly as it swung in the high-rise breeze. Below, in the distant street, ants pointed up at us. Peter looked up at me calmly.

'Got a moment?' He asked.

*Monday, October 15th 1990*

We got ECTO-3 back to HQ eventually. Egon and Ray looked up as we came in.

'How did you get on?' asked Ray.

'Fine,' Peter replied, non-committally.

'How does it perform in service?' asked Egon, gesturing to ECTO-3.

I shrugged. 'The grabs work,' I said.



# CREEPY COWBOYS

Sweet Meadow Farm was the place where the Walton Boy's wreaked havoc. They were the ghostly apparitions of cowardly cowhands who terrorised the cattle, causing six hundred gallons of milk to curdle.

The beastly broncobusters drove the cows into a right old frenzy by climbing on their backs and riding them like horses. Needless to say, the milk makers were all shook up by the ghostly goings-on, not

to mention the farmer, who was so concerned for the safety of his herd that he roped in The Real Ghostbusters.

The creepy cowboys were somewhat cheesed off by this intervention and proceeded to put up an almighty fright! Fortunately, however, the bronco bullies were rounded up for the final time! Yup, the last of the Texas Wailers had yelped their last 'Yahoo!'



# SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**  
Marvel Comics Ltd  
13/15 Arundel Street  
London WC2



What's a ghosts favourite Italian dish?

*Spook-hetti!*

– Andrew Burton, Kent

Policeman: "What are you doing driving down a one way street – didn't you see the arrows?"

Man: "Arrows! I didn't even see the Indians!"

– Joseph Vorlicky, Leeds

What does a sergeant use to wash his hair?

*Head and soldiers!*

– Michael Swinburn, Bury

What do you call the story of the three little pigs?

*A pig-tale!*

Where do ghosts take their dirty washing?

*To the dry-screamers!*

– Paul Jones, Derby

"Knock, knock".

"Who's there?"

"Ivor".

"Ivor who?"

*"Ivor sore hand from knocking on this door!"*

– Richard McDonnell, Co. Antrim



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# DEAD TRUE!



here was a pirate captain called Watson who lived in a mansion on a narrow strip of land called Folly Island, near S. Carolina, USA. With his treacherous crew, he was planning one of his many raids in his pirate ship, anchored off the island.

During the year of 1820, news filtered through that the US navy were sending marines to capture the ship and hang the crew members. Watson immediately set his crew and slaves to work, loading his possessions aboard. The mansion was burned down before burying chests full of gold, silver and precious stones. Watson then conducted a lottery to see who would keep watch over 'his' treasure, and the short straw was drawn by a six-foot-five Jamaican man. He was handed a pistol,

and given a bagful of coins as a reward. As soon as he opened the bag, Watson plunged his sword through the man's heart. Pointing to the dead giant, he spat: 'Remember, any of ye who try to steal the treasure must get past this ghost first!' The pirates then buried their ship-mate on top of the chests before setting sail on their voyage of destruction.

For fifty years nothing was heard of the pirates, or the treasure, until the island was occupied by a brigade of Federal troops. It transpired that an old woman called Jettie, who had worked as a slave on the pirate ship was still alive. She revealed the story of Watson and the treasure to a Lieutenant Hatcher, and even agreed to take the captain to the spot where it was buried. Hatcher could not understand why the loot had

not been recovered, but Jettie explained that the reason was because of the ghostly black guardian.

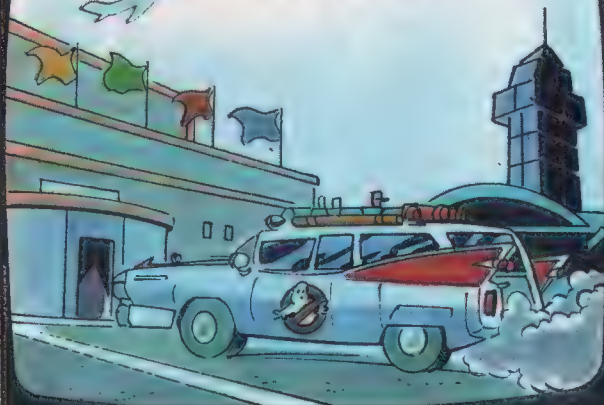
Hatcher decided to dig up the treasure for himself, but what transpired was enough to frighten the living daylights out of the officer. As he dug down a booming voice thundered, 'Cover the hole with sand, now!' Dropping his spade, Hatcher was confronted by the huge, ghostly black man, wearing a bandana around his head and carrying an old flintlock pistol. Promptly he began to shovel the sand back until virtually every grain was replaced. The ghostly figure slowly disappeared amidst the sound of hideous laughter, whilst Hatcher swore never to doubt the presence of ghosts again!





# THE WITCH!

WHEN AN EMERGENCY CALL DEMANDS THAT THE GHOSTBUSTERS FLY IMMEDIATELY TO PARIS TO FREE THE EIFFEL TOWER FROM AN INFESTATION OF SPIRITS, THEY DON'T HAVE TIME TO GO THROUGH NORMAL CHANNELS!



FOUR TICKETS ON THE NEXT NEW YORK TO PARIS FLIGHT ON THE CONCORDE!

WE'LL NEED TO GET YOUR CREDIT APPROVED!



NO, YOU DON'T! WE'VE GOT SUPERCARD!

SUPERCARD! THE CREDIT CARD WHERE THE SKY'S THE LIMIT ON YOUR CREDIT LINE AND YOUR INTEREST RATES!

WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO! GO RIGHT ON BOARD!



WHEN MONEY IS UNRELIABLE, YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON PLASTIC!



DON'T BE CAUGHT WITHOUT IT, OR YOU MIGHT GET SLIMED!





BOY, WHAT A COMMERCIAL! WHEN WE SELL OUT, WE DON'T GO HALFWAY! I LIKE IT!



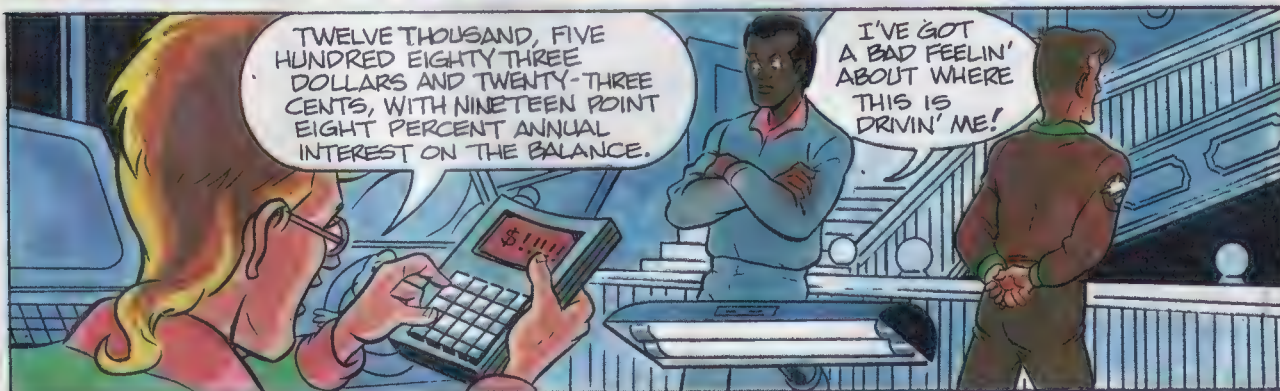
GREAT, PETER, BUT DOES IT MEAN OUR BILLS ARE PAID UP FROM OUR MISSION TO THE OTHER DIMENSION?

NOT EXACTLY. EGON AND I WERE JUST DISCUSSING THIS.

I'M AFRAID THAT THE FEE WE RECEIVED FOR DOING THE SUPERCARD COMMERCIAL ONLY WIPE OUT HALF OF OUR DEBT.

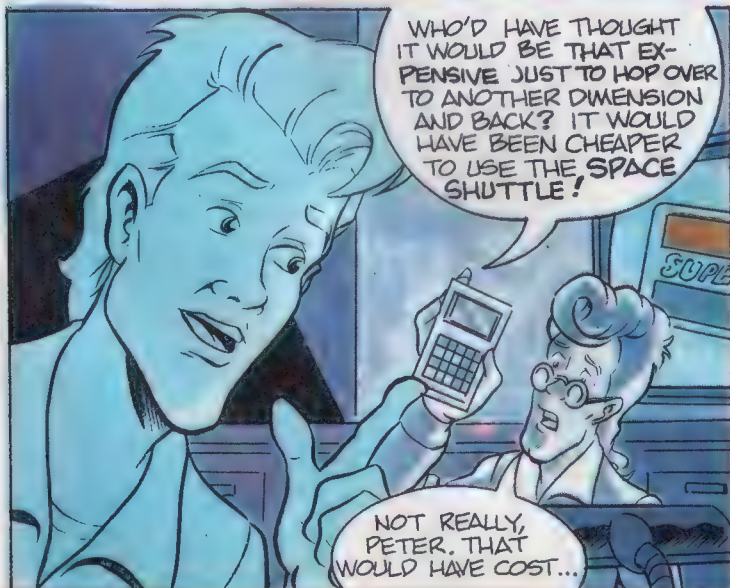


YOU MEAN WE STILL OWE \$250,000? DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THE MONTHLY PAYMENTS ON A BILL LIKE THAT ARE?



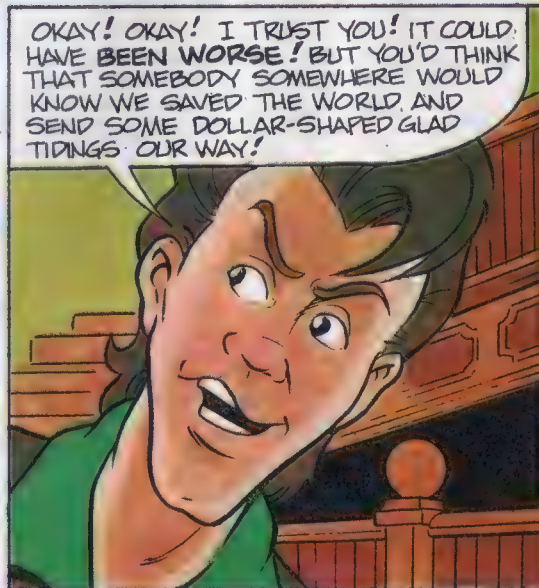
TWELVE THOUSAND, FIVE HUNDRED EIGHTY THREE DOLLARS AND TWENTY-THREE CENTS, WITH NINETEEN POINT EIGHT PERCENT ANNUAL INTEREST ON THE BALANCE.

I'VE GOT A BAD FEELIN' ABOUT WHERE THIS IS DRIVIN' ME!



WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE THAT EXPENSIVE JUST TO HOP OVER TO ANOTHER DIMENSION AND BACK? IT WOULD HAVE BEEN CHEAPER TO USE THE SPACE SHUTTLE!

NOT REALLY, PETER. THAT WOULD HAVE COST...

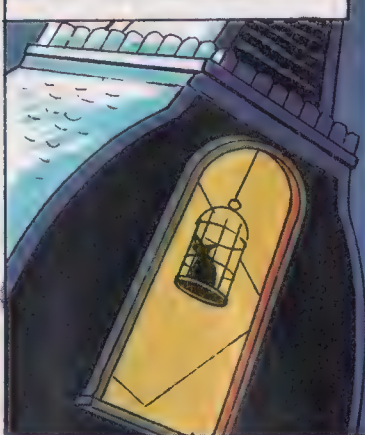


OKAY! OKAY! I TRUST YOU! IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE! BUT YOU'D THINK THAT SOMEBODY SOMEWHERE WOULD KNOW WE SAVED THE WORLD AND SEND SOME DOLLAR-SHAPED GLAD TIDINGS OUR WAY!

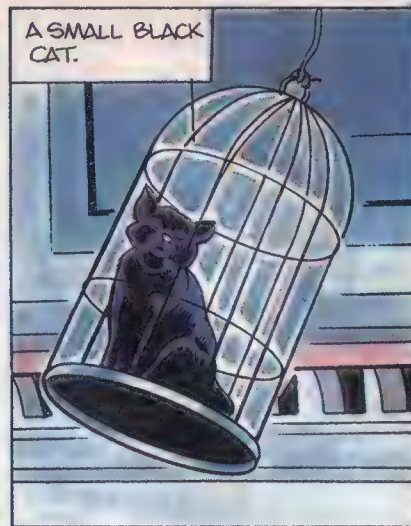
HIGH IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, FAR FROM THE CONCERNS OF CREDIT CARDS AND CREDITORS, STANDS THE GRIM MANOR OF MARLENE WHATELY.



SHE'S A WITCH WITH A MISSION, AND IT INVOLVES A CERTAIN CAPTIVE.



A SMALL BLACK CAT.



THIS WORLD WOULD BE A NASTIER PLACE, RICH IN THE SUPERNATURAL. IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THOSE MEDDLING GHOSTBUSTERS!



WE COULD'VE EVEN FOUND A MATE FOR YOU, MY WINGED PRETTY, BUT INSTEAD, ALL I'VE GOT FOR YOU TO PLAY WITH, IS THIS MISERABLE CAT NAMED TARANTULA!



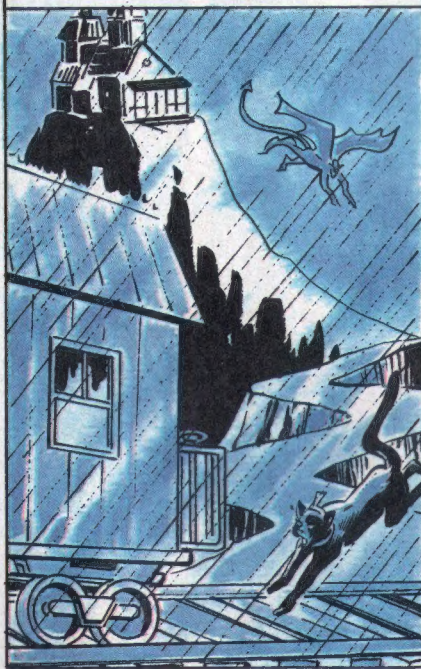
YOUR MASTER WOULD LOVE TO GET YOU BACK, BUT NOTHING CAN PIERCE THE CLOAKING SPELLS AROUND THIS HOUSE, SHORT OF THE BLIND FORCES OF NATURE HERSELF!



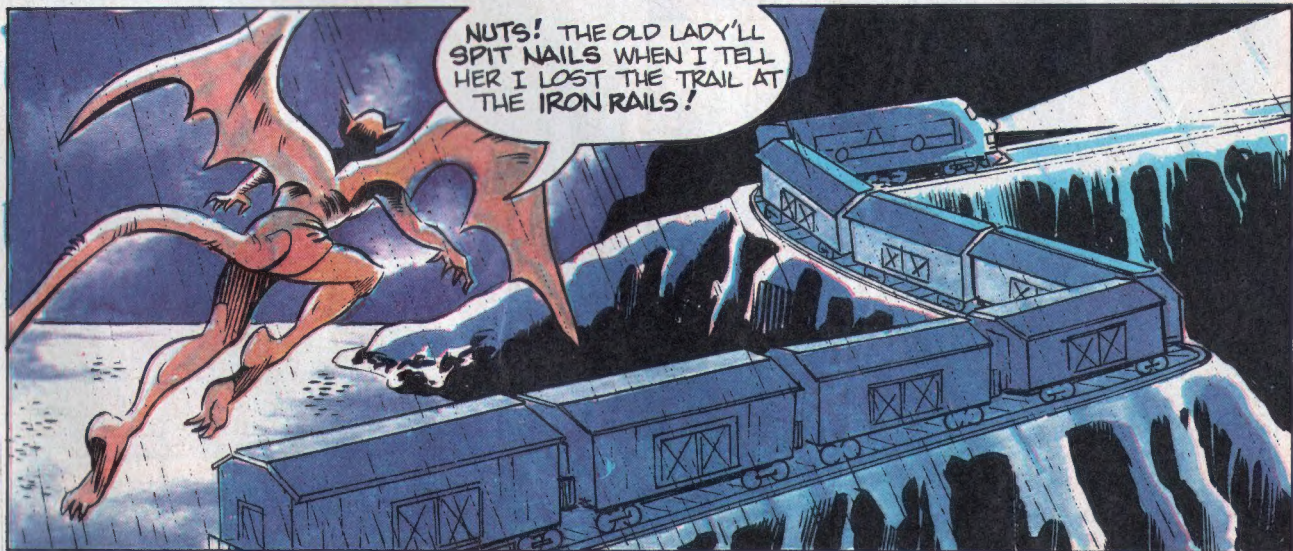
RIGHT ON CLUE!



AND SO THE CHASE BEGINS, AS STRUGALA THE HOMUNCULUS PRESUES THE DARK FELINE THROUGH THE WIND AND RAIN.



THE CONFLUENCE OF FORCES ARE ON TARANTULA'S SIDE AT THE MOMENT, AND IT LEAPS ABOARD AN EAST BOUND FR GHT TRAIN.



NUTS! THE OLD LADY'LL SPIT NAILS WHEN I TELL HER I LOST THE TRAIL AT THE IRON RAILS!

DURING A MOMENTARY PAUSE BETWEEN CALLS, THE GHOSTBUSTERS EXPLORE OF RELAXATION.



I WISH I COULD FIND SOMEONE WHO'D PLAY CHESS, AND WHO ISN'T TIRED OF LOSING.

HONEST, EGON, I'D LOVE TO LOSE A FEW GAMES, BUT YOU JUST GET CRANKY WHEN I JUMP A PIECE AND ASK YOU TO KING ME.



THAT'S BECAUSE THIS IS CHESS NOT

THE BOARD LOOKS THE SAME. IT ALWAYS CONFUSES ME.



WE HARDLY HAVE TIME FOR GAMES ANYWAY. WE'RE LUCKY IF WE FIND TIME TO SLEEP THESE DAYS!



CHESS IS NOT A GAME! IT'S A MENTAL EXERCISE!

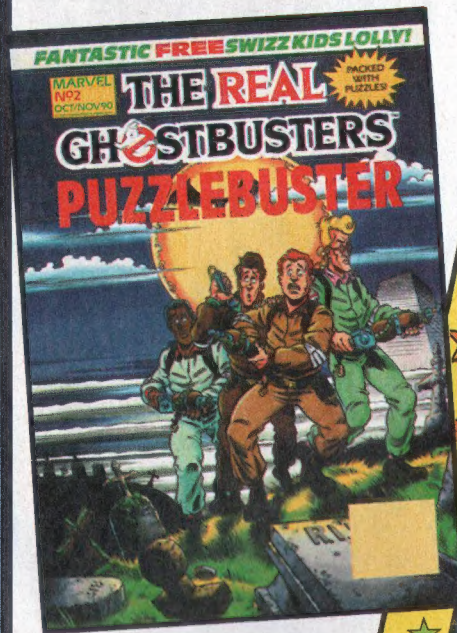
YOU MEAN LIKE AEROBICS? DOES IT MAKE YOUR BRAIN DO



WE'RE OFF AND RUNNIN' AGAIN!

MORE GHOSTS TO BUST! HEY! IS THIS LAST NIGHT'S DINNER ON MY JACKET, OR DID I SLEEP ON SLIMER?

# WHAT ARE YOU DOING THIS HALLOWE'EN?



1. Pink, sugary snack found at fairgrounds.
2. Usually eaten in the cinema.
3. Peter's favourite food.
4. Two types of music.
5. One of these a day, keeps the doctor away.

If you have found out which are which, Slimer will eat the treats and be your buddy forever. Don't discard the tricks as they might come in handy later. If you're still baffled, consult Peter's Guide To Fooling Green Spooks on page 47.

**THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS PUZZLEBUSTER!**  
**ISSUE TWO ON SALE NOW!**  
**BI-MONTHLY FROM MARVEL**

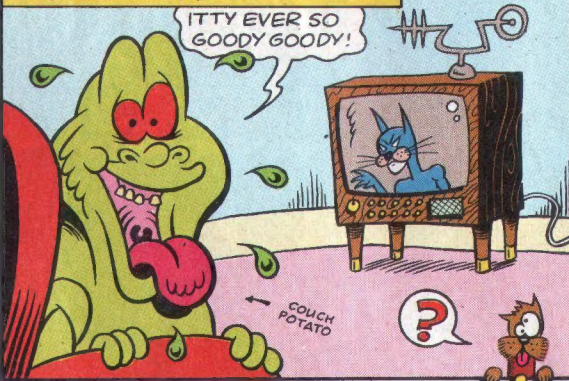
# UN-HOLY HOLE!



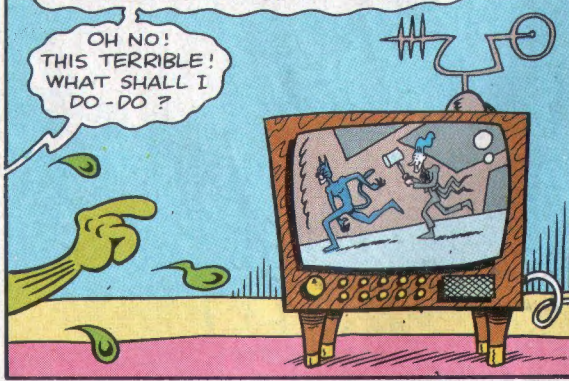
BLIMEY!  
IT'S...

SLIMER!

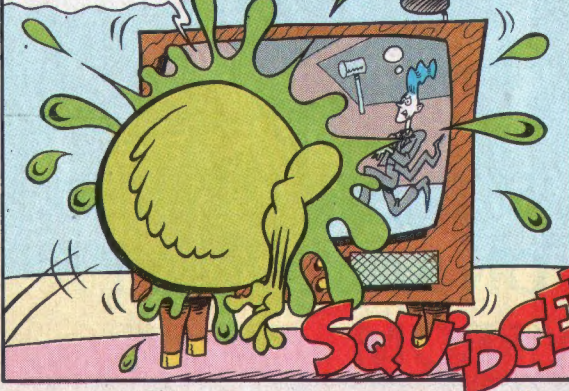
SLIMER IS WATCHING HIS FAVOURITE TV SHOW — THE CAT!



LOOK OUT AND ABOUT, CAT! IT'S THE GIGGLER! HE SNEAKING UP BEHIND YOU!



SLIMER SAVE THE CAT! YHP!



CAT! LOOK OUT!! BEHIND YOU!!!

